



No.29

20c

Crime of the century



VALERIETTA PASSON, 22



PAMELA WILKENSON, 22



PATRICIA MATUSEK, 31



SUSAN FARRIS, 22



MARIAN JORDAN, 21



MARGITTA GARWOOD, 31



GLORIA DAVIS, 22



NINA SCHMALE, 21

8 NURSES MURDERED



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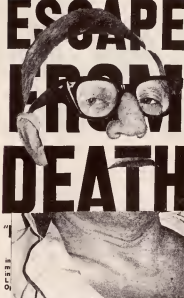
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**"It could have
been serious,"
says Calwell**

ESCAPE FROM DEATH



While a youth lived a care-free life at home as he sat in a car outside Meeman Town Hall last night.

Mr Calwell spoke from his bed in a

room shortly after 8 am. He was dressed in light green pyjamas and wore a large gold watch on his wrist.

Continued Page 3.

It was such a shock, dear Diary that I have not written a word for over a month. A shock! More like a thunderbolt! I'd say, guess— just give me a minute to let the floodwaters fly away and I'll take up pen again.

Soon as I heard the phone tingle I knew something was amiss. It's very rare for the phone to ring after one of Arthur's speeches so I was prepared for almost anything when it purred it up. At he spoke I was in a real daze. I remember staring his large images clearly printed in silver ink on the lampshade, as he distributed voice spoke out of the night.

First under those circumstances or especially under those circumstances that John F. Kennedy came to his room, came through loud and clear.

Poor child, a man of his age! How cruel for anyone not to want him to enjoy the last minutes. "Micky, why, why?" I asked myself but he was more concerned with "what".

I must admit that with the description of "lovely built, young, long hair swept back" living at Congressional Park, gave up after a short struggle my thoughts did fly for an instant to George, too, but I quickly banished all that (like being) in my memory.

All I could say was "stiff upper lip" and keep your chin up Arthur which wasn't much less than the phone I can not be helped my advice. I was glad when Lora rang and refused to give the woman. "No it's a very clear picture."

And about to take him home. It was as though he'd come back from the very jaws of death and I was so proud of him the way he put on a brave face for the women.

Must you the woman's worst days but this was a risk of infection in I guess less a liberal view, a girl, thank, tomorrow and some away for me, threat to make you. It didn't break his spirit one little bit. "No, a What is it, isn't he a marvel!"

Arthur was ANGER, lightning mad. How is enough! "I'll have a lovely bunch of Kisses etc." he roared. "Oh, Glue [are you]!" It was his pride that revolved the woman's body just shrouded it off.

It was only a day or two before he was back on his feet again, recovering away at though nothing had happened, although I noticed he shied on, panted his from "Thirty Years of Monarchicalism" to "The Federal Tradition of Wallace".

★ ★ ★

As I write now some four weeks after the "incident", Arthur is just back from an even more dangerous assignment. This time it was Whiskey, to face a whole regiment of bootboys. I warned him that his fat, stiff body's frailty possibly and that he should be thinking of food and rest. But he is never lifted. At this rate he will tell him off, dear Diary, it is working so hard.

But the case of Arthur's is on him and he can't let up for a minute. His very action is of vital importance in the Party. Why just yesterday he put up his hand to leave the room and the whole State Aid policy was changed because of it!

We wonder, though, enough back as out of things with Arthur having such enormous power. Though he has left on a fast-fooding mission to South Vietnam, partly to make his own bid for the headliner but mainly, I suspect, so we'll have to give Arthur a fairly big present on the 25th.

A RIDDLE

What's big and wild,
With 8 legs, 8 arms,
and 40 toes and 104 teeth?
(answer page 15)

4 NURSES GIVE GUN TRAC



JULY 1: The Lin Yaw Hsu made his exit from Australia without the aid of his Good Samaritan. His explanation this time wasn't the lie about the banana skin, rather that he had just gone on a short holiday without telling his wife — or the police who took some days off from their other duties to look for him — where he was going.

Recently a distraught, unbalanced young mother called Sandra James was swooped before a Sydney magistrate after a similar rather extensive wild goose chase and charged with creating a public mischief. Not to see Ambassador Brandt off, for diplomatic immunity!

JULY 2: Paul Herbach, who, to give him his due, DID finally pass the Christmas Vietnam film, commented: "In my opinion, the film gives an impression and it leaves unbalanced pieces of events and facts in Vietnam."

A typical Australian attitude — if a film critic without giving equal time and weight to the opposite side of a "balanced" film. Then a critical appraisal of the leaving shortage must be followed by the word from the late Sir. Spencer, of the RSL, by that old hard workman Hank on at Sydney shows by a colony to the City Council's parks and gardens programme. By the time taken Herbach should be prepared to have some of his unbalanced gibberish on Vietnam parodied by a few words from Jim Calton.

JULY 3: The French nuclear explosion near Marcoule still, nearly twenty-four hours after De Gaulle's historic joint communique with the Russian leaders. Undoubtedly we could suspect De Gaulle's genuine desire for European unity and independence of action if he would only tell himself of his completely unbalanced dogmatism and his arrogance. It is a sad commentary on the maturity of the U.S.S.R. that they, apparently to the nuclear test ban treaty, are prepared to do business with the French at risk on an extremely moment and of the local Paris boys who seem incapable of perceiving really loudly against anyone other than the Turks.

JULY 4: The Hahn showed their anguished cultural taste by using their free night in New York to see "Mama", the 1920's musical starring Angela Lansbury. Harold told Angela after the show: "It really took me back. That was rather my generation." Why did he ever bother to step out of it?

JULY 5: When we last heard of Ed Clark, he sounded like a parrot on air — we called him "Mr. Ed the Talking Horse" and the audience came to hear Clark.

"It's all Texas to a brother that it's a real man's war when Mr. Ed came to Canberra. It's only because to watch out for the RG SHOW of laughs. He's the son of the nation" (GZ, No. 20).

This month he returned back to Can-

berra with the news that the local boy had really let it off with the Big Bom.

"We appreciate the fact that your Prime Minister, Mr. Holt, came over to Washington and put in on the line. He not only said that, he said that other people were not doing their full share. We were not in a position to maintain that, but we do not say anything about what he said."

Then, coming no more, he added: "We pulled their chestnuts out of the fire 12 years ago, but they don't have the long memories Australia has."

We are grateful to Ed for this rather personal interpretation of historical events and for the intrinsically high morality of his suggestion that we, and Britain, should be in Vietnam even if we consider it wrong because of our debt to the U.S.

As a piece of ethics that's a bit of a chestnut itself.

JULY 11: The N.S.W. Chief Secretary, Mr. Wells, has been warning ever since Judge Lyons executed 22 of us already charged. Every so often he makes oblique latin references to judges not "doing their day."

Now the campaign against him has been stepped up again. He recently has two publishers and has signed in Court — in the past, only the publishers have been charged; this is obviously an attempt to frighten others out of distributing anything detrimental to which category most of them would class ED. Later this month some-



time OZ cartoonist and recent master of the \$1,000 Young Contemporary prize, Mike Brown, will face a maximum of six months' gaol for an exhibition held at Gallery A.

Just as once the Courts again prove "ineffective" Mr. Wells is now preparing to take himself out of their hands and put it into those of a Literary Review Board. Apparently Mr. Wells has more faith in the "cultural gents" of the board than he will push over his Board than to the educated and enlightened opinions handed down by his own judiciary.

A Victorian Government spokesman explained that the M.S.W. action was prompted by the difficulty of obtaining convictions under the present law. There is no such difficulty in Victoria and consequently no need for change.

JULY 12: A Victorian police constable told Professor Conn that he was ALMOST CERTAIN that a man had committed a crime when he stole him. The alleged crime was breaking into a restaurant and stealing four bottles of soft drink.

JULY 13: Peter Raymond Keene, 19, a 19th, uneducated, threatening school leaver, looking seriously like the Son of Cal, was committed to the gaol. His criminal was Sydney barrister Kevin Murray, better known as Colonel Murray, Commissioner of the Sydney University Biscuit Bar he is far as to suggest.

JULY 14: Sir Edward Halliwell, the nation's best knight and extremely unconvicted leaver, whose membership of the Zoo has been causing increased criticism, announced his resignation from the Zoological Park Trust. His presence has been edited out.

He used that some people had criticised the animal's condition but these were "reaction and too better who are few, but make a lot of noise. I usually invite them over to lunch and usually when we're talked about it they say: 'I'm sorry'."

Being on schedule, three weeks later, two officers of the Public Service Board presented their 20-page report that the zoo had declined financially, administratively, and in its general appearance. Some exhibits were overstocked; the standard of maintenance and general tidiness left much to be desired.

To the best of our knowledge they are still to be invited to lunch.

JULY 18: Prof. S. S. Orr died in Hobart. As a man trained only for philosophy and virtually denied all chance of money-making, he had been compensated a mere \$22,000 by a reluctant university two months ago. Thus barely paid his legal expenses. He died of heart but he might as



well have died of his own head, he had no little to live for.

JULY 18: Sydney Magistrate, Mr. J. R. Scarlett, announced that there would be a further delay in the H. G. Palmer proceedings because one of the defendants, John Lee, had disappeared. In for the evidence against Williams and the others has looked for some satisfactory. Was it chickenpox or just a touch of Scarlett fever?

JULY 20: Bishop Marston Lyons was elected Archbishop of Sydney to succeed the unfortunate Hugh Marston is an Australian no less and told anxious supporters: "I believe in a strict interpretation of the Bible and I believe quite firmly in Hell."

Well, at least he isn't a sex fiend, we assume.

JULY 20: Alan's fantastic novel, *Olympic Trials* in the Tanglefoot Press was announced to be an immediate world. The publisher listed for a fortnight. We are not too sure which is easier to believe — a man swimming nine miles in dirty-line minutes or another turning water into wine. How strange that a million smoking Christians find the one so much more credible than the other.

JULY 27: Sir Norman Gregg died suddenly. Of course, known who Sir Norman Gregg was though few could claim to have suffered before suffering more than this man who first discovered the ill-effects of German measles during pregnancy. Australians have nothing of the intellectual achievement of their fellow-countrymen.



JULY 28: "The Australian" — best becoming known as the Gough Wharton of Australian journalism — put the pros and cons of the magazine's latter battle but, typically, refused him coming to any conclusion. Unlike the many other newspapers who go all the way with the advertisers who pay, i.e. Mervinville Holdings Ltd. Their final sentence is a classic in their by now familiar tradition of non-commitment: "Good Australia or bad, Mrs Jones has decided something that is providing hundreds for money and it will be a long while before the price are reduced."

JACK KERNOHAN

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Problem:

How to stop the spread of Communism throughout South East Asia



Solution: Invert map and it will run the other way
Explanation:

Thinking of the North Pole as UP and the South Pole as DOWN has induced people to believe in the inevitability of Communism. Hence people say "One needs only look at a map to see where Communism is heading." The enemy always comes DOWN on its prey, never UP. Thus the idea that gravity is helping the Communists has arisen.

—VYTAS SERELIS

SO WHAT?!!
At least I'm not
a communist



Give me your hand
Harold ———
To hold ———
I have all these other ones but
They're cold
And none of them
Have arms
THESE
Little black ones,
And anyway,
They're cold,
——— And sticky.

—John Bannrough.

*"Never has our
policy in Vietnam
been so soundly
rooted"*

— H. Holt

ALL
ABOUT

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HANS BOIT FRIED





NSW International Film Festival August 12-22 at the UNSW

- ★ Peter Cowie, editor of "International Film Guide" flown from England to participate in the ten seminars to be held
- ★ the works of one director are to be featured at each Festival. This year it is Joseph Losey.
- ★ the Indian director, Ritandhar Sagar, will be present to discuss his entry, "Love in Kashmir"
- ★ history of the Dutch short
- ★ symposium on "The Voice of the X Certificate"
- ★ This is a new and exciting kind of film festival which aims at obtaining a much greater involvement of its subscribers by means of symposia and discussion of the films presented.



FANNY HILL OR MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE by John Cleland

A limited edition of this most famous low red book has been published in Australia. The complete and unexpurgated story of history's most notorious prostitute is now able to be read by those who enjoy the killing out the reason below.

OBSCENITY BEST OF DE SADE

SEXY ISSUE



(OBSCENITY POSTER)
Obscenity No. 2 has been banned in Victoria and Queensland. It contains extracts from three banned books: *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, *Kama Sutra* and *Derwent*, two pages about the best lecher word and reviews of other banned books.

There are a few copies of Obscenity No. 1 left as well. Both magazines are available at 95c per copy.

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OZ, July 1966

A BIRD-WATCHER'S GUIDE TO VIETNAM

War, the philosophers say, makes animals of us all.

The Vietnam war, however, has produced an even stranger metamorphosis—a goggle of fine feathered enemies that is fast becoming an ornithologist's nightmare. Ed Clark's confession that "I don't want to be a hawk or a dove, I want to be as wise as an owl" (S.M.H., July 9) testifies to the growth of the Vietnam alerly.

Our special zoological correspondent lists some of the more common birds now out on a limb:



HAROLD HOLT LYRE BIRD:

World famous for its splendid mimicry, it always acts "in concert" with its mate, the Eve, and dances to the American tune. In the course of the act, the Lyre Bird spreads its beautiful red feathers over its back, revealing the business of its pulmonary pump. Its vocal performance is all the more amazing for being an echo, not a song.



PAUL HASLICK BOWER BIRD:

An equally shalal monie. Showman personality, it pretends itself to the privacy of its "bower" decorated with scraps of colored paper from the U.S. State Dept. Although usually shy, and performing in the depths of the wood (which it cannot see for the trees), it is currently being led up the garden path by its master, the STAR SPANGLED DOLLAR BIRD.



ED CLARK OWL:

All day this bird slumps with its eyes open. At night it ventures out to hunt for food on Embassy receptions. The Ed Clark Owl is, understandably, in the dark about foreign affairs.

ARCHBISHOP GOUGH CUCKOO:

Well-known bird of prey, its rich plumage and head-in-the-clouds loftiness belie its rather earthy concerns. Thought by some experts to be a transatlantic dove.



WILLIE McNABON WAGTAIL:

Lays its nest eggs in the least important places. Thoroughly toilet-trained, it leaves few deposits, and is easily flushed. Wears its head tucked beneath its wing, and its heart on its sleeve. Began mooting for a lark; is now faced with the stock.



ALAN FAIRHALL NEALY-MOUTHED BULBUL:

Famed for its loud squawking at imaginary dangers. Keeps a beady eye on the fifth column from its usual perch up a gum tree. An ornithological pest. Commonly known as "chicken hawk".



BISHOP NOYES DOVE:

Does not moult and so never loses its white feathers. Prefers to nest in churchyards and ivory towers, where it gains the protection of the Bob Geoid League.



ARTHUR CALWELL DODO:

During long years in the political wilderness (its natural habitat) this ungainly bird has irrevocably damaged its own right wing, causing it to fly in ever-decreasing circles, uttering harsh grating catch-cries. Outlives its usefulness — but expected to be extinct by December.



GOUGH WHITLAM SWAN:

Flushed with success, this graceful creature rises to the occasion with loud clapping notes. Now almost clapped out and mere of an ugly duckling. It is feared that the next outbreak of this nature will be its political swansong.

—G.R.

Just as in father's time at the Eve of the Great War, the civilised world is again splitting into two equal and opposing camps — the Alves and the Push. This time nationalism and indeed nationality, is irrelevant.

The U.S. Push, after sleepy years celebrating its martyrs and sensationalising its image in Greenwich Village, recently stormed Berkeley campuses, overflowed into Civil Rights picket lines, energised the

GO

War on Poverty, ignited the opposition to Vietnam, exploded into Mass and Minor Media and, more recently still, contested the Californian Democratic Primary election with beat candidate Robert Scher, who almost won.

Now, as even the "Women's Weekly" knows, Britain is run by the Push. Carnaby Street, the Ad Lib Club and Queen replace Whitehall, 10 Downing Street and "The Times". Wilson and his merry men are kept on for giggles. Parliament is utilised only for legalising homosexuality, drugs and abortion and for not legislating against the pirate radio stations.

What of the heroic skirmishes between the Alves and Push being waged for from the front line? What of those young swingers and squaddies scattered across the Eastern globe in lonely pot-holes and Y.M.C.A.'s doggedly inflicting their culture on Oriental passers by?

The expatriate Push is a long way from Liverpool, not far from the screams of Lord Sutch, the poetry of Ginsberg, the gin squash at the Windsor Castle.

The expatriate Alf — though he sew a flag on his rucksack and sleep on the steps of his embassy — is far away from his mates' bucks parties and the Annual Old Boys' Dinner. He misses Saturday's game and somehow the pies ain't the same.

Who are they?

There are three classes of world travellers: the bourgeois (your mother), the jet set (Martin Sharp) and burns. Both Alves and Push!

The first two categories, jet set and bourgeoisie, are absolutely unimportant because they merely progress from airport to airport, hotel to hotel, massage bar to cabash and neither affect or are affected by the countries they photograph.

The burns have no money and they see more, for they are obliged to work in steil-ram or smuggle into all the countries they bludge-buff. All burns (Alf burns and Push burns) are hitch-hikers; though not all hitch-hikers are burns.

Where are they?

Burns travel overland from Istanbul to Singapore via Syria, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Burma, then by air via Thailand and on to Malaysia. From Bangkok they usually take side-ex-cursions to Laos and Cambodia. From Singapore burns sail to Japan via the Philippines or to Australia via Indonesia.

The reverse-direction route is similar, except that many burns head for Bombay to take a deck passage boat to Kuwait. Getting from Kuwait to the Mediterranean coast is easy, because most Kuwait men are rich queens with large American cars and lots of leisure.

At each stop-over along this route burns make a bee-line for the best hotel and restaurant — the one they have recorded in their note-books for that area — and virtually stay there sipping coffee until they rake up the energy or money to move on.

For instance, every burn — Alf and Push alike — heads for the Thai Sang Griet Hotel in Bangkok, the Globe Restaurant in Kathmandu, the Red Shield in Calcutta.

Three hundred and sixty-five days each year these rendezvous look like the Royal George on a Saturday night. Faces come and go, the atmosphere remains the same. Of course instead of grub which is too expensive, burns drink coffee and smoke hash.

EAST

These pockets of burns have no possessions. A traveller with a pack on his back cannot get a room at a hotel anywhere near Bangkok's Thai Sang Griet. This is because burns are notorious for sleeping six

to a double room, swiping equipment and flunking debts. No European can rent a bicycle at any of the many hire stores near the Globe at Kohmandu. This is because burns often can't be bothered returning them and, recently two Germans hired bicycles for 2/- a piece, rode them to the Nepalese/Indian border and roided them.

How do they dress?

The Push burn is ostentatiously ethnic, the Alf burn is aggressively made in my-home-town. In a gay mood, the Push burn (Maurice or Rudy) might feature an Arabian head-dress, Indian sandals and beads. Nepalese earrings, a Thai Buddhist shoulder-bag, an Afghanistan embroidered leather coat and blue jeans. His girl (the Push bring their own, usually ex-New York



suburbanites called Sharon) wears an awkwardly fitting sarong.

The Alf burn (Fuzz or Chuck) wears his College blazer with football pocket and Okanui pants.

Apart from their uniforms, Rudy and Fuzz are also distinguishable by personality.

Rudy poses as an introvert and, rather like Sydney's Libertarians and Melbourne's Old Left, rarely smiles. Occasionally he reverts to incoherency in contemptuous of meeting fellow travellers and is viciously rude to those to whom he is placed in temporary social as candency such as waiters and bus conductors.

Fuzz is half-fellow well met and still believes in shaking hands and acknowledging introductions. His

greatest fear is solitude and he would rather talk to Push bums than not talk at all. When desperate he boils up natives with prepared questions.

On Calcutta railway station for half an hour, non-stop, Fuzz once approached bewildered Indians with the question, "Hey Mack, can I get film for my Instamatic in Kathmandu?" It mattered not to Fuzz that the chances of bagging an Indian who spoke English and knew about Nepalese film stocks were slim. It was his way of meeting the people.

All bums are slightly more conscious of their nationality than the Push, but the behaviour pattern of this international sub-cult is unrelated to creed or breed. Only German bums cling to the myth that

for turning on. Even the Nepalese villagers are prominently huge.

The reason All bums travel is a mystery to all, including themselves. Their response to each new city is, "It's a shithouse," and their immediate aim is to "haul ass out of this dump."

Neither bum type is particularly interested in the customs or characteristics of the places he visits.

How do Bums survive?

Bums don't spend money: In Thailand the public buses are free to Europeans. This is not discriminatory generosity on the part of the transport minister. Thai bus conductors have become so used to bum hitch-hikers refusing to pay that they no longer attempt to collect their fares — which, incidentally, at the fixed price of tuppence, are probably the cheapest in the world.

Push bums are best at eluding public transport fares. When conductors beckon, bums look confused, shake their heads and speak an unintelligible language. The Oriental conductor is too polite to

forced student cards to other bums. Total cost for printing 50 cards plus rubber stamp ("International Student Federation") is \$US1 in India. Each card retails for \$US1 and entitles the bearer to significant transport concessions.

Teaching English and selling pills are classic All money earners in Bangkok. (The Push are handicapped by their dirtiness.) A Thai accomplice will introduce Fuzz to his unsuspecting foreign audience as, say, "Doctor Schweitzer from New York." Fuzz then begins re-

PUNK

citing nursery rhymes or selling dirty jokes while gesticulating with a bottle of pills. The accomplice "translates" this into an enthusiastic sales blurb, the pills all like crazy and Fuzz makes a fair commission.

Push bums buy a pile of cheap watches and transistors in Singapore or Kuwait and smuggle them into India and Nepal. Here they are sold with about 150 per cent mark up. Hashish from Nepal and opium from Cambodia and Thailand can be smuggled into Europe and Australia and pushed at considerable profit.

In Colombia, Algeria and Japan, Push bums work as extras in films. In Algeria they play parts of treacherous Frenchmen who meet murky ends. In some parts of India, pavement chalkings will haul in a few rupees.

Kuwait is a Mecca for all bums because hospitals pay enormous sums to blood-cloners.

But the golden age of Exploring the East may soon end. Governments do not welcome hitch-hikers — they spend no money. (The Push occasionally splurge on faked objects d'art, Altes sometimes send stainless steel vulgaries back to mum.) And both always exchange what little they have through the black market.

Kuwait is tightening up its visa requirements, Turkey is currently cold-shouldering bums, truck drivers in Afghanistan make them pay.

Soon more countries may follow a recent French example and begin turning bums back.

—RICHARD NEVILLE



there's something special about the Fatherland and with a flourish of arrogance, selfishness and humanness are turning the pre-war propagandized fiction of "German benevolence" into fact. Not surprisingly, most German bums are All bums.

Why do Bums travel?

Push bums travel to avoid the draft, to smoke pot freely or because they took "On the Road" seriously. In Kathmandu, a startlingly diverse range of stimulants is available cheaply and legally. It is a Push stronghold. Surrounded by the breath-taking Himalayas, streets flooded with incense Buddhist art, a Government shop retailing hash for a few pence on queue — Kathmandu is the world's best place

YOUNG

persist. Veteran Push bums can avoid paying train, tram and bus fares throughout most of S.E. Asia.

All bums can also get away with not paying fares, though generally they're too stupid to pretend ignorance convincingly.

Bums sleep free at railway stations. In India, in the First Class waiting rooms where a bus conductor type panopticon will discourage the station master and quite legitimately at Sikh temples (India, Singapore, Malaysia) and Buddhist temples (for the risk of being obligated to reach some monks some English).

Cities are roiled according to their bludgeability. Vientiane (a dismal, dispirited, decaying capital) is popular because an obliging Dine accommodates bums free for three nights.

Hitch hiking, of course, costs nothing and a talented bum can usually swing a few meals from the driver. Embassies have free chilled water managers of plush restaurants can sometimes be embarrassed into feeding bums and begging works in the outer city areas.

Bums extract money: Sometimes from each other. All bums have lived off the proceeds of selling

BOOK REVIEW by

D. M. ARMSTRONG



VIETNAM SEEN FROM EAST AND WEST
ed. John Edgar, Ray, Thomas Nelson (Met.
house), paperback, \$1.50

It is an extraordinary fact that in 1968 many people, including I imagine, many readers of *CR*, think that there is something paradoxical in being a liberal or democratic and an anti-Communist. Yet why should it be paradoxical? For surely every social Communist and Communist sympathizer agrees that Communist regimes are polluted by many more evils than are, based on the methods by which the regime is installed, but extremely tyrannical. But although it is axiomatic that liberals do not apologize for such actions for tyrannical regimes are tyrants, tyrants, South Africa or the South's Rhodesia, it is not axiomatic that no apologists are making an issue for Communist tyranny. Indeed, it is common to hear phrases like *little red Communism* (a *paraphrase* deriving with wit and wit for the duration).

But when in such short anti-Communist view anti-Communist? All up position to evil is in a way useful, while continued with the evidence to promote positive goals that opposition to evil is a necessary part of life, and is therefore it is a necessary part of political life.

It is true of course, that there are plenty of anti-Communists who are not liberals. But it would be wildly illogical to conclude from that that liberals ought not to be anti-Communist. Perhaps liberals should be anti-Communist despite the fact that some anti-Communists are not liberals.

At any rate, here is a collection of articles by liberal authors who are liberals and democrats but also anti-Communists. They state what I take to be the Marxist case for defending South Vietnam against the National Liberation Front. The book is edited and introduced by Professor Alexander Kerr, who is currently Head of the Department of Indian Studies at Melbourne University, and there are also Australian contributors Geoffrey Harbison, B. A. Santamaria, Owen Harris and Gerald Horne. But it is of wider interest because it also contains by two Vietnamese, a Laotian, a Filipino, a Korean and two Indians (The Laotian contribution is a pretty understated affair).

I found an article by Ian Tait. Tait was the North on Communism says is a member of the editorial staff of the *Angon Daily News*, of particular interest. Here is a Vietnamese who defends the American intervention and who is writing from Saigon. Yet he says things like this:

"It remains true that the Communists enjoy the advantage of fighting against a series of numerous foreign governments and of operating in a country where big property and great inequalities have survived."

However he looks forward to the establishment of a democratic South Vietnamese government which he says must be

free from the slightest suspicion of

being controlled by foreign powers or that it is the secret of their success."

Such liberals must take note of the fact that men such as he are not in Saigon and apparently look for the restoration of their political objectives. Nothing of the sort would be possible in a South Vietnam dominated by the National Liberation Front. Does not a liberal bear a heavy responsibility if he nevertheless advocates acquiescence in a Communist tyranny?

But, many will reply, what prospect is there of such change being realized? It is true that Communist domination is to be a freedom that will be a freedom to be the South Vietnamese people there must be a mature society and the NLF, so early the advantages of political stability, and thereby the establishment of an effectively democratic and progressive government. What are the chances of all this coming off? History surely now looks a possibility, but such a much has democratic and progressive government is still to seek.

This brings me to the significance of *Harbison* in what I found the most interesting chapter of the book. Harbison points out that linguistic political divisions naturally are and have to be, when friendly. The all will almost surely reflect but desire to shock, the real point he is making is that with divisions are inevitably taken on the basis of hopelessly insufficient information in the particular case of the newly caught situation in Vietnam there are many things that the world's leaders do not, and cannot, do in time. One thing they cannot do, in consequence of the detailed effect of any policy they embark upon. Under these circumstances Harbison argues when linguistic divisions such as withholding or helping in Vietnam are in question, one must not try to be too clever. Large-scale policies must be based on simple and straightforward considerations not elaborate calculations.

Following Harbison's line of thought, let us draw up two simple political balance sheets. Suppose first that the U.S. withdraws its forces from Vietnam. Nobody seriously doubts that Communism will then control South Vietnam. Many people will be injured, and independent thought will be suppressed, and the country will be subjected to sophisticated discipline for many years to come. It is a possibility, although few entirely think Communist Vietnam will

be a *tabula rasa*. Thus, it is a strong possibility that a Communist Vietnam will give aid and encouragement to Communist movements in Laos, Thailand and Cambodia to go no further ahead. The south of Communist intervention in Asia and elsewhere will certainly be more nearly neutral. Non-Communist regimes in the area may attempt of effective resistance to Communism.

All that is the delicate role of the balance sheet. Many of the items are risks and dangers, and sometimes less they are partly clearly real risks and dangers, and risks and dangers are essential losses to such a column. What is the result then? I can say only that the Communist discipline will probably produce increased order in the country and eventually that should be advance in the standard of living of the mass of the population. From the point of view of a liberal — an opponent of totalitarianism — that looks a pretty bad balance sheet, and the alternative must be from advised it a liberal ought to opt for this alternative.

If the U.S. forces remain then the debate is fairly easily resolved. The war will certainly continue for a time. The toll in lives, treasure, including broken resolve. There is a risk that the bombing will continue for years, and at the end will be decisive. Although there is little risk of U.S. military defeat, U.S. withdrawal might be forced by complete political collapse in South Vietnam. On the credit side there is a strong possibility of military victory, which in turn would make stable government possible although not inevitable. It shows things are where, it is certain that Communism would be greatly discouraged, and anti-Communist progressers greatly encouraged in Asia.

Every liberal must weigh these balance sheets for himself, knowing that he has not got enough reliable information. Assuming that he must guess in large part, I suppose the decision will depend upon one's estimate of how far America, and to a lesser extent, the West generally, really are committed to the lowering of political liberty and material progress in S.E. Asia. My own view is that U.S. withdrawal would be a terrible betrayal of liberty, democracy and the Journal of Civilization by Britain and France at Munich in 1939.

Despite the wealth of detail in this book it does not cover the issue in North Vietnam. But in such cases it is better to support. In that period it is demanding the impossible. But I think that it does give a plausible account of the nature of Communist activity in Asia in general and Viet Nam in particular and presents a strong case for the constraints of the policy of military assistance to the National Liberation Front.

*D.M. Armstrong is the
Professor of Philosophy
at Sydney University*



hindsight

Free off boundaries as prohibition, stick to a radical Right-wing policy, stereotype the pages with acute misreading comprehension and quote liberally from Lardis, Kennedy and Fred Schwartz. Then tell the world that it's all for a Good Cause and that's the formula for a successful Australian magazine.

Both 'Australian International News Review' (the close friend mag for all the family) and 'Reader's Digest' have proved the effectiveness of this approach.

Now another handbook for reactionaries is on our backside — *INSIGHT — Our Life and Times* — designed as the post man's 'Reader's Digest'.

The similarity of *INSIGHT* to that of an international gazetteer is no coincidence. The editor of *INSIGHT* is a lymphatic streak of Yankee money named Robert Gude.

A back of the new breed, Gude portered round Sydney's women's magazines until a couple of years back. Then he turned his nose west to Perth. He is now well known in the Great West, that Ferguson Trust (or syndicator) mechanically refers to their cultural desert.

Gude, with a jumbo-size personal biography of J.F.K. tucked securely under his arm, has assumed a public relations role for some time until he assumed the seat of his canon by joining News express Publishers Pty Ltd., a country newspaper group.

The group appeared to fold up a year ago after a Country Party MHR dipped the management in a tidal sea. But, like a phoenix, the firm arose from its ashes and after two years came out with *INSIGHT*. A monthly set up and printed in Perth, it has assumed the canon.

Within *INSIGHT*, millions of Australians will receive their needs for information, ideas, education, fact, fun, controversy, leadership. Australians need that can only be realised for us by Australians.

This is the reason for *INSIGHT* — a magazine dedicated to promoting Australia our people, our ideas, our times — our life and times.

To lend credence to its claim to respectability, *INSIGHT* management decided that a certain percentage of its profits should be donated to the land and persuaded that voracious people, W.A.L. Premier the ingenious David Brand, to head his name to a well-known article.

Although three-quarters of his article is devoted to pursuing his own government's campaign in selling the State's minerals to foreign, Mr. Brand came to give the new publication (and the blind leaders) a plug.

"The book," he writes, "with which I am happy to be associated, is being produced so that the lot of these unfortunate people in our community can, in some way, be made better."

The concept of *INSIGHT* is a question. It is a quality magazine, aimed at helping the afflicted and a denigrating of public opinion.

What some may find that describing a shoddy mag as a 'book' is a better sign of literary than propensity no one can doubt from the moment that Gude and his other affiliated can do with a bit of help along the way.

But surely no other Australian publication has been launched in such a disreputable manner: rarely does his editorial board the handwriting in a jurisdiction for starting, as a means of procuring up sales or as an excuse to get an audience for the publisher's political.

If *INSIGHT* was really dedicated to publishing the plight of the blind, there would be no objection that for the few dollars which will come their way the Western blind are unworriedly involved in translating such a guide which as:

- *The Friendship of an Old ally* (as Australia's terrible misadventure in favour of U.S. Asian policy)
- *Wine Purchase — A Mixed Toss* (by the chairman of the M.A. division of the "Australian Finance Conference")
- *A Case for Capital Investment* (a study made of pseudo-scientific methodology)

The last of these articles is a reprint from the reputable "Washington Post" of April 16 this year. Written by William S. White (journalist author of "L.B.J. The Professional"), it is an amazing valency of our support of the U.S. in Vietnam.

"The Australian visiting Washington," it begins, "thought with them something very easily given now in this notice is its heavy, and wrong, and unwelcome role of leadership of the free world."

"They brought an unbroken, unbroken, unbroken, unbroken friendship for an old ally."

"Caddy, they like us without question."

"Caddy, they support us, in Viet-Nam and elsewhere, without tremor."

Believe have we seen a more open and devastating indictment of our failure to develop a foreign policy.

Gude even dares add the footnote that his mag is "proud to publish Mr. White's article because it reflects the enduring affiliation with which Americans in all walks of life have regarded their friends here in Australia."

This article, of course, shows that their political stance consists of crawling on all fours, it also illustrates Gude's originality.

The third article — the one in favour of letting the indigenous only to be exposed to a magazine brief on controversy issues with the establishment of the Hanging Loose.

The writers who wrote it is a 4th year Law student, Paul S. Edwards. He proposed that 'papers' for a seminar where in his last year. Now a student 20, he is

carefully still unable to learn from child hood mistakes.

Mr. Edwards hopes to speculate in regional law when called to the bar, the editors consider. Let's hope he doesn't make the bench.

Other highlights are: *Pelicans are People* (another Gude discovery), *The Humour of J.F.K.* (by the subtle Gude), *Source: near Threat* (Max Amed), *I Was Arrested of Being* (Walter Gude). The last two cannot be missed. Gude's name de phone. All in all, not quite enough.

Delights in more for next month's afflicted reader include *Don't Become Too Friendly*, *Background* in Persians (every Australian should know and understand the history and true consciousness of free nations in this unending struggle) and, perch the thought, *Don't the Postmen Taking Over?*

So here's to *INSIGHT*, your Gude Family Reading Guide to Newspaper wrecks.

In the State of the blind the one-eyed is truly king.

—Peter Neale.

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JOHNSON GIVES HOLT A BIG HAND

From SAN JOSE, CALIF.
WASHINGTON, FRIDAY

President Johnson's face became red as he vigorously clapped Mr. Holt.

The President and Mr. Holt led the way into the White dining room as outside the Marine band thumped "People Will Say We're in Love."

LONDON, Monday.—Mrs. Zara Holt danced London fashion writers when she appeared in this flame-colored chiffon gown here.

"You could get a typewriter, a telephone and a secretary under it," she said.

by our political co-correspondent.

Is fidelity out of fashion? That's the frequent tragic question of today's Modern Woman. What can I do when my husband takes up with someone else, when he flirts his "flaxen" before the world and when his fancy friend is a MAN?

That's the problem facing yesterday's Modern Woman, pretty, plumpish aging Zara Holt, mistress of Victoria.

Zara tells us that her man persists in going overseas on extended "business trips" with his only reason that he is trying to develop "spiritual relationships."

How I hated him, somewhere, Zara asks, or is it a new side of his character breaking through with the male megaphone?

She reports that she voiced her nagging suspicions only after her man had ended a long and strange relationship with his elderly neighbor. But then things went from bad to worse with her search to foreign affairs. Finally, plucky Zara determined to accompany him on one of those mystery trips.

They went first to Washington and then to London. So far so good.

But there! That particular American friend of her husband's sent a confidential message to Harold. She could see the trouble taking place within him. She went to be a partner in all his activities but at last Zara could feel the war tide issue. There a crash he has weakening resolve. With the arrival of a second mystery note the trouble for his mind was lost.

One morning Zara awoke to find his twin bed vacant, as empty as the void in her heart. He had returned to Washington. Work only as spring Treasury official as chaplain. Harold was fired and involved.

A moonlight cruise on the river Potomac, an intimate late supper and then a "house music" of questionable quality on no one knows where Harold slept that night.

So, ladies, Harold is now lost in love but she, worldly-wise as ever, has come up with an unusual solution—the keeps her secretary stuffed up her nose. She thought it was a rag put of an answer and Zara agreed that it suited her fancy, too.



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comment

NEW RADICAL MONTHLY

August issue: Craig McGregor on unsafe cars, Sol Edel on the Mexican era, Alex Jewry on Asian socialism, Polly Peacham on cosmetic sex and an open letter by Isaac Deutscher. Reviews by Allan Ashbolt, Peter Saintill. Cartoons by Martin Sharp.

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URGENT LINE BACK ISSUE

Profile of a Police Chaplaincy

He looks like an underdog but lacks the capacity for total and error-kneeling usually found in higher-ups. His tiny brain works slowly and the wheels turn slowly, but he may take months to reach a decision but once he passes (indeed—there it is).

He looks smaller than most, always something appalling about a slight smile. (Smiling costs the man and time, and the egg-legs elephant suit of the older generation.) This makes him more dangerous to loudly, rational human beings who may be taken in.

In addition to his paternal disposition he has a Roman Catholic upbringing, an Anglo-Catholic background and the moral outlook of the Eucharistic Revival. The Bible runs between the "plain book" and the "Hebrew"—but let's mention an, no, let's mention: "Carry your Bible with you, take it wherever you go. If people don't take hope from this, where are they?"

Two months he is inclined to represent a woman who lived with a companion (a man) he been condemned to. "Now I was taught that homages really is all wrong; and there was the Bishop giving a character reference for this kind." "Now I was taught that abortion is all wrong. I'm sorry to hear the Church of England made it legal." "Now I was taught that abortion is all wrong. I'm sorry to hear the Church of England made it legal."

Now we ask him what he did with his share of the gaming spend take back in the last old days—his painted look would make you wonder.

With a simple smile: "Now poverty's all wrong—the poor understand me as the streets you know."

His latest smile came in to little well-constituted shortbread in the hope that this show of efficiency will help out the treasury of the Mayor's Report. The one worry is that this happened—after the War—the Mayor didn't have enough meat to

handle the life and keep up with the increased Council's Court work which resulted when women returned to the streets and bread-broth at home. Not that he gets any mysterious anyway but he's keeping his end up.

The latest result of his attitude is that men of history's brother, chairman have bought a clipped-out Melbourne postage from a publisher turned abolitionist to give them metropolitan where they intend to interview women once a week and fly them to Sydney to be caught. This will involve considerable extra cost to the already overburdened women and a waste of time, which is essential to safety in many cases—and the decision concerned any intention for confession about his operations. I don't know how they can be so naive about appointments but I suppose since they get away with the last one they think they can manage anything. If women have to go to Sydney but an alternative there's no good reason why this particular comedy must should benefit when they are probably the least skilled left in Australia.

Then there's his famous advice to justice. It's an elementary principle of criminology that people are not deterred by the thought of punishment, but only by the certainty of being caught. However, implying the there is a justice job, as our friend leaders have the crime with some straight from the shoulder advice to justice heavier punishment.

On how to stop the representative—difference from the Victorian Police to waste time from the British Police—no higher wages, shorter hours or any of that socialist stuff you. Three months' notice to bridge show —"to give the law a chance to think twice."

Meanwhile he is struggling hard to do just what himself but not, as from once in his life (discovered) Britain.

—greg.

PROTEST! Not from a good local OBJECT!

As criminals and political agitators but by now you know who the enemies are: **ARGUE FROM STRENGTH**, from knowledge of the current of social evils.

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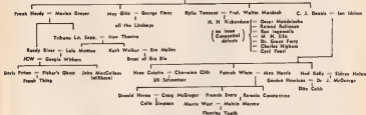
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Benji Patterson — Mary Glenner



The OZ Exhibition Has Arrived

Martin Sharp, Peter Kingdon, John Allen, Mike Glashorn, Gerry Shend, Mike Brown, Peter Fisher are exhibiting at the Glass Galleries (59 Macleay St., Potts Point) from Sept. 7-28.



(One of Sharp's characters in Peter Brad's forthcoming "Top-a-moo!" to be published by Harvill)



Thoughts With Rosy Faces

By Sir CHARLES MILES, G.B.E.

Secretary-General, Asian Broadcasting Union,
General Manager, Australian
Broadcasting Commission, 1955-65

EVERY day for years I walked three miles from my home, across the Sydney Harbor Bridge, up through the City, to my office. I enjoyed the exercise — and good thinking time.

Often I found my thoughts on something from *The Reader's Digest*. Its lively and timely articles were — still are — worthwhile, easy to read, and easily remembered. If it is true that "the soul is dyed the color of its thoughts," then these thoughts had rosy faces.

In those days I was General Manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. My business was to see that our programmes offered something of value in information and entertainment. That was the Digest's business, too. And the Digest was very good at it.

When I retired from the Commission I became, with a deep sense of responsibility, the Secretary-General of the Asian Broadcasting Union. Now, more than ever, I had to ponder how to influence men for good. The A.B.U. has to coordinate the best American, English and Japanese broadcasting practices with the resources of U.N. agencies so that the rapidly developing nations of Asia and the Pacific can be helped by the best experience of East and West in thinking, believing and doing. It is a gigantic task to make such an impact on an international scale. But, unconsciously done, it will help shape the future of that part of the world which stretches from the Eastern Mediterranean to the Pacific.

With what pleasure, then, do I realize that the A.B.U. is not alone in this! Though its English and foreign-language editions in India, Japan and Free China, *The Readers Digest* too, is bringing the best in Western thought — those "articles of lasting interest" — to the developing nations of Asia. After all these years, at international level in my work with the A.B.U. I still share the Digest's interests and responsibilities.

It is good to know that in an A.B.U. aim task we have a Digest weekly ally to help give a healthy complexion to the thoughts and souls of developing nations.

• "Once Around the World": Never did it in 80 days but only the R.D.' can do it in six pages. At the steering wheel in that old Nash Jensen 4, Malabar, the only man in the world brave enough to risk death every month for lasting support the position for "South Pacific".

• "On Man": The one or two pairs (mostly a steady standing). Here it Pope's famous "Essay" clearly confirmed down to the six bed-knives (mostly without apologies to either the author or the public) has with a new glow of self-congratulation by the editorial team.

• "Quick Quiz": You can sell your intelligence, personality, marriage choice and vocational preference all by answering two crucial but deeply simple questions. The fact that you even start to make a questionnaire like this is also a bit of a giveaway. Every R.D. reader is not only a part-time philosopher but an amateur psychologist. In fact, I am almost sure he never (even at eating breakfast in a cafe) conceivably said: He also likes traditional studies and pays 25 cents each month to increase his word power under the supervision of Peter Paul, who has suggested the once monthly driving licence in the family North Britain.

In between the two supporting stunts is passed the amorphous masses of folk's emotions that pass by general features. There are always one or two in home life and the kitchen, in fact, children are the backbone of the whole movement, usually (although running under a large but not at all the corner of the corner diagram). If they are (most) because of education affiliated to much the better. An article on Vietnam by Street Abing has become common, as has a general science piece by J. D. Kitchell, who writes for a diversity of publications but always in the R.D. as a regular in the "R.D." Magazine is the most, confident professor and "The Magazine" the best area for travel. There are regular features on England, particularly the Clubs, which are full of putting unscrupulous induced colors with unbeliefs and others. There is always an article of special interest in the annual book and out of a queer religious nature.

The reader can be rescued a feeling of days on it. It not only reads the same every month, it looks the same with endless two-column grey pages of large type, one odd small article for headings and deep articles, and its own peculiar brand of artwork.

The "Digest" adopted this format as long ago as March, 1945. To be sure, after then the cover has become brighter and there is more inside colour (mostly for advertising but you could open every page of that old issue and recognize it immediately as "R.D." from the cover — from the "Published on a Single-Side Test" line article — an all too familiar).

In their twenty years the world has seen numerous movements in printing technique: a change of taste in illustration, and a great liberation of attitudes. The Digest's format is a curious, unimpressive, insensitive and inflexible.

No magazine has a more credible opportunity of performing a real service as a source of diverse opinion. Pope Paul — just one of numerous VIPs who yearly contribute to its prestige — recently commented on its strength "on the side of the right". Surely right is made of silver stuff that this.

—R.W.

there would be something without an incentive built into the way the Reds are trying to get their existing economy going and why they're likely to fail.

A regular feature in the Special Request series where important people like Walt Disney and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek are asked to reflect on their own lives is a review of some Old Pantheists. "A New Revolution Borealis" was reported at the special request of Nikita Khrushchev.

• Merry Synthesis and a Happy Genesphere: This is the only occasion on which we are even likely to see the only head. It is basically a medical observation and any chance of it is reprehensible as alcohol or smoking. As well as everyone on the Big Three team, a single health made a must to every time. We have kids building against compressed brain disease, hair-loss, foot-drops — anything except the Rational Child Syndrome. Dramatic moments in medicine consist of fathers prying beside oxygen tanks. They are never Jehovah's Witnesses so they can look on donor blood and drop out some reports from the "Christian Science Monitor", we are yet to read the gripping

life of a child dying because his Christian Scientist father refused medical assistance.

• Myriad Melancholy Men or Spent-Idiot? Potted biography is everybody's business. It is a string of events with a script to their significance on occasion. Also without a notion of anything seriously then it is Melancholy without any of his immortality and The Life of Genghis Khan without a word of his mother.

But any contemporary figure, there are only two ways of summarizing biography. Either you begin with the subject at a very old man and tell his story in flashback. Or you begin with some early anecdote about the hero at age 5 and begin paragraph two "Little old his mother said."

Biography usually offers a good opportunity for a few ths clips at the Red. Thus *John Jacob Astor the Father of Finland* (Munich, 1963).

In a once-covered series near Red said, an old man would going at the 60s at English of Korean members kept just.

What with anger the old man think he is at the place and they disappeared in the distance.

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